HELL FOR LEATHER!

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The Epwell Hunt · The Melton Hunt
Howell Wood

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The Epwell Hunt

TO COVERT AND ON THE HOUNDS.

THE EPWELL HUNT;

OR BLACK COLLARS IN THE REAR

By Edward Goulburn, *Esq.*

'A chosen few
Alone, the sport enjoy.'

As Epwell's wide Heath' t'other day I pass'd over,
The hounds, I perceiv'd, were then trying the cover;
Enraptur'd I heard them, and spurring my horse,
Soon discover'd the pack, which had found in the gorse.
Two hundred gay Sportsmen enliven'd the scene,
All determin'd to ride, and professedly keen.
Tho' the morning was cold, and the frost overnight
Made the country around in terrible plight;
Yet reynard broke cover, disdaining to stay,
And in view of the Field went bravely away;
But a bad country took, much against all their wills,
And led them a dance o'er some heart-breaking hills,
Then fled to some furze, and kept dodging about,

Till Wanton, good bitch, drove the vagabond out.
Thus routed, his foes he determin'd to face,
And again took them off at a rare splitting pace,
O'er a strong and stiff country went forward in style,
With the hounds at his brush, in full view for a mile;
Was next seen in a bottom, and then headed back,
And whilst climbing the steep fell a prey to the pack.
The burst, (perhaps Melton will smile while it reads,)
Was so quick that it took something out of the steeds;
Nay, to speak the whole truth, many found it too fast,
And some very crack riders were looking aghast.
Squire Kynaston, mounted on Whalebone the tough,
Found he'd lost a fore-shoe—that's to say, had enough;
And Cromie, who came just to see them throw off,
And at all that he saw predetermin'd to scoff,
Allow'd, that for once his opinion was wrong,
And confess'd with a sigh that they could go along!
Many others, contented, went quietly home,
Little dreaming, I ween, of the pleasure to come;
And a few, whilst debating to stay or to go,
For the former resolv'd when they heard—Tallyho!
Tallyho with a vengeance—for strange to recount,
Scarce allowing us time our nags to remount,
Another stout reynard went boldly away,
For Wimberton making most desperate play.
Now headed, and forc'd his first point to decline,

To Epwell push'd forward as straight as a line;
Finding there nothing left for his life but to run,
He resolv'd to die game, and to shew them some fun:
So thro' Swacliffe's plantations intrepidly went,
Passing Hook Norton Heath with a fine burning scent;
Where a few of the oldest put on a wry face,
And the young ones no longer complain'd of the pace.
From thence, quite determin'd to give us our fill,
For Swarford he made, and went right up the hill;
Cross'd the road at a pace that made some people stare,
And was fatal, poor FRETWILL, alas! to your mare.
Close press'd, towards Heythorpe despairing he roves,
But in vain, for the scent ev'ry moment improves;
Till at length having gone twenty miles right on end,
At a rate that the oldest man out never kenn'd,
Having fill'd the whole country with falls and disasters,
Nearly kill'd all the nags, and well pickled their masters,
He was kill'd in the Park, when just going to ground,
Above twenty-three miles from the place he was found!
By this time, as my readers perhaps may suspect,
The attendants of reynard became quite select;
And the few that remain'd never witness'd, I ween,
In the course of their lives a more comical scene;
Such confusion—such rolls—of Red-coats such a string,
To describe them is quite the impossible thing.
Here a Buck with his skirts cover'd over with mud;

There a groom sticking fast on a slim bit of blood;
Here a Farmer gives in—there a Nobleman lags;
Alike anxious to make an excuse for their nags.
Not a field you pass'd thro' but appear'd some sad face,
Groaning over a fall, or lamenting his case;
In short, a more strange, or more comical sight,
Never fell to the lot of a Bard to recite.
Then aid me, ye Nine, to record all the fun
That took place in the course of this capital run;
Which, had it at Belvoir or Raby occurr'd,
A volume, I'm sure, such a run would afford.
Regardless alike of thumps, scratches, or knocks,
Morant Gale breaks away in full chase of the fox;
A Meltonian of old, and well vers'd in their creed,
O'er-riding all scent, for the sake of a lead;
Many tumbles and rolls got this hero, of course,
And concluded by dreadfully laming his horse;
Yet with skill unexampled he somehow contriv'd
To go hobbling along whilst old reynard surviv'd.
Lord Alvanley next him, in close imitation,
Came sailing along in no very bad station.
His Lordship rode Ploughboy, and what's an odd case,
Not a soul seem'd to envy the clodhopper's place;
And I've since been inform'd, the poor fellow avers
That he learnt, by this run, the right meaning of spurs;
But spurr'd as he was, it's my duty to say,

He kept well with the hounds the whole of the day.
On his five-year-old horse, tho' of course in the front,
Bob Canning comes next, the crack man of the Hunt;
Let him ride what he will, either hunter or hack,
Sure by some means or other to be with the pack;
At the end of the day almost always alone,
And scarce ever behind, tho' he weighs sixteen stone!
Pressing close in his wake, and on much the same plan,
Frank his brother, keeps up, tho' a heavier man;
On the General mounted, and what's very queer,
Like some of that tribe he preferr'd not the rear;
Yet even this vet'ran, tho' warm to a fault,
Gave the word of command very often to halt;
Nay, so hard at one time his condition was render'd,
Had the action continu'd he must have surrender'd.
Still he lasted it out, tho' much weary'd and spent,
And no doubt felt much pleasure in reaching his tent.
Sticking close to the hounds observe steady Sir Gray,
Riding equally hard in a quieter way;
Sufficiently forward, yet still keeping bounds,
His wish to ride after, not over the hounds!
In a style rather diff'rent came Goulburn the bard,[2]
Who a long time disdaining the cry of—hold hard!
Over fences and ditches kept thoughtlessly fanning,
Resolv'd at all hazards to follow Bob Canning.
To accomplish which end he kept on at a score

That his five-year-old nag felt a terrible bore;
So at Swarford, unable to climb up the hill,
At a nasty oak stile stood obligingly still.
Then he left him in plight not a little distressing,
The breed of Arabians[3] most fervently blessing!
Well, I never did see ne'er a run like this here!
Cries DICK BAYZANT, to-day most unusually near.
To see him so forward surpris'd a great many,
Who knew not the plot of this Worcestershire zany;
But his friends pass'd it by as a matter of course,
Well knowing he wished to dispose of his horse.
Now creeping thro' gaps, now trailing down lanes,
When noticed he leaps, and when not slyly cranes.
Now concealing a stumble, now hiding a trip,
Like a horse-dealer's man paid to shew off a rip;
In short, if allow'd I may be the expression,
What we deem a pleasure, he makes a profession!
Little GILLIBRAND, too, now began to make play,
Tho' he rode mighty shy the first part of the day;
And averr'd, as if fibbing I ween was no sinning,
That his horse, to go pleasant, was just then beginning;
And if stumbling, and rolling, wide op'ning his throat,
And convulsively sobbing, can pleasure denote,
Or, if joy be attended with symptoms like these,
Master GILLIBRAND certainly rode at his ease!
Nor let us, my friends, in this place overlook

The fate of poor WHYNIATE,[4] who fell in a brook;
And who, had it not been for that woful disaster,
Must have seen all the sport, had he gone even faster;
A lesson to Sportsmen—take warning from hence—
How much safer to ride, than turn over a fence;
For the Chestnut, indignant at being led over,
Threw him flat on his back—not exactly in clover;
Nay, to tread on his master the rascal made bold,
And gave him a bath most bewitchingly cold;
And what's worse, after playing this dev'lish rig,
Of the water he took such a terrible swig,
That tho' REGINALD mounted as soon as releas'd,
He could never get up till the sport had all ceas'd.
On Michaelmas mounted, somewhat in the rear,
Sailing steady along see Allesley's great Peer;
Now his Lordship asserts, and 'tis true without doubt,
That a nasty stone wall, with a ditch, threw him out;
Besides, GOULBURN, his crony, declares it's the case,
And avows that he stopp'd at the very same place.
Jack Ketch, too, with very uncommon forbearance,
At the close of this run never made his appearance;
And tho' HOLYOAKE gave him much legal assistance,
Was kept by the hounds at a very great distance;
'Tis strange, you will say, that Jack Ketch should be dropp'd,
Who the pipes of so many, of course, must have stopp'd;
But alas! it is true, even he wanted breath,

And for once in his life, was not in at the death!
On a broken-kneed'd chestnut, with very good shape,
Tho' in muffle array'd, and without the black cape,
PEMBERTON kept well in the front all the while,
And was carried throughout in a Brummagem style;
But not so was his groom, on a hard-pulling bay,
Which for some time kept tearing and running away,
But at Swarford stood still, and was done for the day.
With his hat in his hand, looking out for a gate,
Neither looking nor riding by any means straight,
MISTER STUBBS, a crack rider no doubt in his time,
But who hunting on Sunday once deem'd it no crime,[5]
Making desp'rate play thro' some fine muddy lanes,
And by nicking and skirting, got in for his pains;
High waving the brush, and with pleasure half mad,
Roaring out, 'Yoicks, have at 'em! we've kill'd him, my lad!'
In a state of delight, far exceeding all bounds,
See the VETERAN SQUIRE[6] in the midst of his hounds;
How he liv'd to the end of this terrible day,
The Muse nor desires, nor ought she to say.
That he saw all, 'tis clear, and what more could Old
Meynell,
And beheld the effects of his care in the Kennel;
Saw his hounds, unassisted, make out a cold scent,
Tho' misled and o'errode ev'ry yard that they went;
But when once settled on it, to me 'tis quite clear,

Go a pace that leaves many great folks in the rear.
In short, such a run, in so perfect a style,
No county has witness'd a pretty long while.
Then let Leicestershire vaunt of its far-renown'd speed,
Let them jostle, or cross, for a start or a lead;
Upon selling their nags, more than hunting, intent,
And scarce knowing the meaning of what is called—scent.
All declaiming at once—such a shout, such a yell,
Doing only what monkies might do full as well;
Where sport depends quite upon knowing the cover,
And the very best run in ten minutes is over.
May such hunting as this never fall to my lot,
Let them race, if they like it, I envy them not.
The blood of Old Trojan is all I desire,
So give me the hounds of the WARWICKSHIRE SQUIRE!

NOTES

(1) The Epwell Hunt was written in the year 1807. The hounds met in that year at Epwell, on November 14th and December 7th, the latter run being the subject of the poem.

(2) The facetious Mr. Goulburn, now at the bar, formerly hunted in Warwickshire, and seeing a Worcestershire Squire laughing violently, he went up to him and said—'Quid rides?'—My friend, not much of a linguist, replied 'My Magog horse.' Nimrod.

(3) A colt from Lord Aylesford's Arabian horse.

(4) Mr. Reginald Whyniate, a hard rider in Mr. Corbet's and Lord Middleton's time. He was a very powerful horseman, with rare nerve. He had a wonderful mare, 15 hands high, but long and wide, which he sold to Mr. Porter for 200 guineas. Nimrod.

(5) To explain this mystery, (says Mr. Goulburn,) it is necessary to inform my readers of an anecdote recorded of this gentleman, who for a long time kept a pack of foxhounds which were the terror of all foxes, and the delight of all Sportsmen in the neighborhood. Nay, so anxious was he for the sport, and so fearful of a blank day, that he kept several bag foxes to afford amusement. In feeding these on a Sunday morning, one of them made his escape, though not unobserved by this keen Sportsman, who exclaimed—'What! you thought you had me, eh? but I'll be a match for you;' and so saying, he immediately let loose the keen pack, which killed poor reynard, after a run of above 20 miles, in a village when the inhabitants were just returning from Divine Service!'

(6) Mr. Corbet, Master of the hounds. Mr. Corbet never failed to be in Warwickshire on the 5th of November; on which day, if not on a Sunday, some favorite cover was drawn. A day or two previous to this, were the Warwick Hunt Races, at which Mr. Corbet gave a plate of £50 for the Farmers, who were proud to win it, not so much for the value, as for the sake of him who gave it.—Nimrod. The following were the conditions:—Half-bred horses, that had been regularly hunted with the Warwickshire Hounds, and had never won before running; to carry 12st.; 2 miles, heats; and to be rode by Gentlemen.—Venator.

The Melton Hunt

THE MELTON HUNT;

A DAY WITH

LORD SOUTHAMPTON'S HOUNDS

1830

'Midst lowering skies, o'ercast and ting'd with red,
Sol, slowly rising, quits his ocean bed,
Chases the vapours of the night away,
Illumines Melton, and proclaims the day.
Far in the East his glorious orb appears,
And smiles at once on Helpers and on Peers;
O'er gorse and wood alike, o'er hill and plain,
On brooks still bumpers from the recent rain,
His brightest rays he cast; as if he meant
To gladden nature, but to spoil the scent.
Though bright his rising, soon his face he shrouds
Behind a mantle of o'erspreading clouds;
And ere John Clod has drove a-field his wain,
His jacket's moisten'd with a drizzling rain.

Now Melton sportsmen for the chase prepare,
Some curl their wigs, some merely curl their hair,
And curse that rashness which has brought them down,
So far from Crochford's and the joys of Town.
Tenacious of his toggery, MUSGRAVE fears
To spoil his garments, worn for many years;
And, tho' already mounted, back he goes,
And changes old ones for still older clothes.
What's in a coat? when hounds run, he is wont
To shew its back much oftener than its front.
Now here a youth, who goes too fast to last,
On milk and soda-water breaks his fast.
Here older hands, with stronger stomachs blest,
With tea and brandy lull their nerves to rest.
Now, trampling at the door, the hack appears,
Impatient of delay, he kicks and rears.
Away! Away! once mounted, on they ride,
And soon are panting at the cover side.
Hark! to that cheering note, "they've found him:" See!
The gorse is waving like a troubled sea.
"He's gone away;" hark! halloo! to the cry!
Like swallows skimming, o'er the field they fly.
"Give them a moment's time—hold hard, Sir, pray,
You'll stop his pulling e'er we've done to-day."
Look at the gallant pack, away they sweep,
The pace is killing, and the country deep;

Rollestone is far behind; and on our right
The house at Knowsley just appears in sight;
By Glorston wood, o'er Cranoc field they pass,
Where many a horse, declining miss'd the grass.
On, on they go, and at a trimming pace
See BAIRD is racing for a foremost place;
Yet much I do mistrust me, if his steed
Can hold his place, and always go full speed.
WHITE spurts and cranes, now skirting, looks for balks,
And gallops faster than our ROKEBY talks.
See CHESTERFIELD advance, with steady hand,
Swish at a rasper, and in safety land.
Who sits his horse so well? or, at a race,
Drives four-in-hand with greater skill or grace?
And when hounds really run, like him can shew
How fifteen stone should o'er the country go?
Is not in person monstrous, yet in weight,
CAMPBELL comes crashing through a new-made gate;
Now "by his fathers' gods" you hear him swear,
And much you wonder who those fathers were.
Now PLYMOUTH, at a brook, with GILMORE crams,
While DRUMMOND jobs his horse, and jobbing damns;
With iron hand, and seat devoid of grace,
You see at once the counter is his place;
Now on this side, and now on that, he pitches,
Strikes all his timber, fathoms all his ditches,

Till by a binder caught, a weight of lead,
He comes at last to anchor on his head.
Quite at his ease, yet stealing o'er the grass,
From out the struggling crowd see WILTON pass.
Here GOODRICKE, perfect in his hand and seat,
Rides like a sportsman who can do the feat,
And STANLEY, who in courage may not yield
To him of yore who fought on Flodden field,
Forgets his weight, and labours all he can,
To shew "Perfection"[1] both in horse and man.
Carried beyond excitement's wildest bounds,
His horse, forgetting—seeing but the hounds,—
KINNAIRD, that dear enthusiast of the chase,
Heeds not how deep the soil, nor slacks his pace;
Will nothing turn or stop him? nothing check
That form of riding, but a broken neck?
Here LOWTHER follows slowly on the track,
And pines in secret for his "tailing pack."
We speak of years gone by, for now we're told,
Their style of hunting is not always cold,
And that they draw till one; we therefore pray
That they, like other dogs, may have their day;
Since LAMBERT's judgment has reform'd the pack,
Improv'd their breeding, and dispens'd with SLACK.[2]
All head and legs no longer, now, they look,
But stoop to pick a leaf from GIRSEY's[3] book.

The gallant COLONEL, pottering at the gaps,
First damns, then envies, "those hard riding chaps."
GARDINER, who then from raspers ne'er would swerve,
And thought all riding to consist in nerve,
And swimming rivers,—owned the pace was good,
But still would have it faster if he could.
See HAYCOCK flies along; and few there be,
Where all ride hard, can harder ride than he.
With spurs and hand-whip MATUZEWIC plies,
O'er ridge and furrow swiftly Zodiac flies;
But tho' his steed be made of gallant stuff,
"Tamination[4] Zodiac," you will get enough.
LYNE STEPHENS onward holds a steady course,
And GRANTHAM gallops faster than his horse.
GREEN, leaning slightly forward, passes by,
But quickly turning, shews how good his eye.
Pinn'd[5] in his shoulders see old JOHNNIE MOORE—
A gate half open—ROKEBY slips before,
Forgets his manners in his love of place,
And slams the swinging gate in JOHNNY's face;
Then, spurring onward with a graceful seat,
Unlike Camilla, gallops through the wheat.
Now some, alas! before their horses, fail;
Flight after flight succeeds of post and rail,
Then Langton hill appears, the crowd decline,
And keep their riding till they've had their wine.

Now BRUDENELL leads; and well doth Langar[6] shew
The rattling pace that strength, with blood, can go.
WILTON and GARDINER next their station took,
And DERRY[7] following close on BILLY COKE.
Sloping to meet them stood, exposed to view,
An awkward piece of timber, stiff and new.
No other place will do, but this alone—
No choice is left—go at it, or go home.
Langar leaps short; and see, on high his tail,
Turned in the air, proclaims how strong the rail:
Over they go, together rise again,
For BRUDENELL, light in hand, retains the rein.
Here Leporello[8] fell; a harder fate
Attends his falling—where he fell he sate.
Now BILLY COKE, who never lost a chance,
Down the hill side came rattling in advance;
And tho' he saw the willows, still he took
His line, and cramm'd him straight at Langton brook.
But vain the effort—gazing on the flood,
Narcissus-like, upon the bank he stood;
Then, struggling, headlong fell: and see! he's done—
He wash'd his master, but he lost the run.
More on the left see WILTON kiss the plain;
Then "Time" to Pugilist[9] was call'd in vain.
Without a pause, by Bowden now they fly,
The pace so good, you scarcely hear the cry—

The speed uncheck'd—see, bravely o'er yon hill,
Brudenell alone maintains his station still.
Here's Dingley gorse—"By Jove, they run in view!"
On Reynard struggles—on the pack pursue.
The earths are open—will he reach the cover?
Who-hoop! he sinks exhausted—all is over.
How are the mighty fallen! lull'd to rest,
By fifty minutes of Southampton's best,
Some deep in ditches lie, by brambles toss'd;
Others more prudent are by "farmers" cross'd;[10]
These lost their start; from those, the hounds have turned;
Yet something still from Brudenell all have learned.
And now for once a Melton field must own,
Fairly and cleanly they were all "cut down,"[11]
The backward crowd are still the first to chide,
For all can censure, where but few can ride;
Let those blame others who themselves excel,
And pass their judgment who have ridden well.
Each timid skirter thinks it is his right
To hurt your feelings, and display his spite.
If blest with iron nerves, "you ride for fame,"
And seek in hunting nothing but a "name."
If, tender of your person in the chase,
You love the hounds, but still refuse the race,
"Look at him now!" on all sides it is said,
"I always knew it; damn him, he's afraid!"

These blame the system, master, hounds, and all,
And swear the huntsman does not like a fall.
Not prone to cavil, nor to take offence,
Some, in good nature, pardon want of sense,
And think a smiling and unmeaning face
Can EWART stop, or WILLIS, when they race.
On t'other tack some err, and make their boast,
Hounds run the hardest when they're d——d the most.
Who to SOUTHAMPTON could a judgment yield?
With a light hand he ruled a stubborn field:
Now firm, now gentle, as occasion prov'd,
And, on all sides alike, both feared and loved.
Come then again, resume thy proper place,
Manage the kennel, and direct the chase.
An equal balance keep, the skirter chide,
And check Spring Captains when they try to ride.
For want of practice all our talents lost,
Hounds never run, but still the same they cost.
What shall we do without thee? for I hear
The Country's vacant in another year.
Old times, old sports, bring back, and once again
Melton shall flourish 'neath thy golden reign.

NOTES

(1) Stanley's horse, not improperly so called: for he is, or was, one of the best horses in Leicestershire.

(2) The former huntsman of the Cottesmore hounds, well worthy of his name "Slack."

(3) Lord Forester's huntsman.

(4) Count Matuscewitz, a Russian or Polish nobleman. The gallant Count's own words. He is celebrated as being the best foreigner over a country, as yet imported.

(5) A joke at his rheumatism.

(6) Lord Brudenell's horse, well known in that day.

(7) An excellent rider, and one of the best servants that ever came into a hunting field.

(8) Lord Gardiner's horse, "Leporello."

(9) Lord Wilton's horse, "Pugilist."

(10) A very common excuse with some people.

(11) A favourite expression of Lord Macdonald's.

WHO-HOOP!

Howell Wood

HOWELL WOOD;

OR, THE RABY HUNT IN YORKSHIRE

By Martin Hawke, *Esq.*

A Hunting Song, to the tune of "Bally-namo-naora."

"*Let those ride hard, who never rode before,*
And those who always rode, now ride the more."

Whilst passing o'er Barnsdale I happen'd to spy
A Fox stealing on, and the hounds in full cry;
They are DARLINGTON's sure, for his voice I well know,
Crying, "Forward, hark forward," from Shelbrook below.

Chorus.—With my Bally-namo-naora,
The hounds of old Raby for me.

See BINCHESTER leads them, whose speed seldom fails,
And now let us see who can tread on their tails:
For, like pigeons in flight, the best hunter would blow,
Should his master attempt to ride over them now.
Chorus.

From Howell wood come, they to Stapleton go—
What confusion I see in the valley below:
My friends in black collars nearly beat out of sight,
And Badsworth's old heroes in sorrowful plight.

Chorus.

'Tis hard to describe all the frolic and fun,
Which of course must ensue in this capital run;
But I quote the old proverb, howe'er trite and lame,
That "The looker-on sees most, by half, of the game."

Chorus.

The first in the burst, see, dashing away,
Taking all in his stroke, on Ralpho the grey,
With persuaders in flank, comes Darlington's Peer,
With his chin sticking out, and his cap on one ear.

Chorus.

Never heeding a tumble, a scratch, or a fall,
Laying close in his quarter, see Scott of Wood Hall;
And mind, how he cheers them with "Hark to the cry,"
Whilst on him the Peer keeps a pretty sharp eye.

Chorus.

And next him, on Morgan, all rattle and talk,
Cramming over the fences, comes wild Martin Hawke;[1]
But his neck he must break surely, sooner or late,
As he'd rather ride over, than open, a gate.

Chorus.

Then there's dashing FRANK BOYNTON, who rides
thorough-breds,
Their carcases nearly as small as their heads;
But he rides so d —— d hard, that it makes my heart ache,
For fear his long legs should be left on a stake.

Chorus.

Behold HARRY MELLISH, as wild as the wind,
On Lancaster mounted, leaves numbers behind:
But lately returned from democrat France,
Where, forgetting to bet, he's been learning to dance.

Chorus.

That eagle-eyed sportsman, CHARLES BRANDLING, behold,
Laying in a snug place which needs scarcely be told;
But from riding so hard, my friend Charley, forbear,
For fear you should tire your thirty-pound mare.

Chorus.

And close at his heels see BOB LASCELLES advance,
Dress'd as gay for the field, as if leading the dance:
Resolv'd to ride hard, nor be counted the last,
Pretty sure of the speed of his fav'rite Outcast.

Chorus.

Next, mounted on Pancake, see yonder comes LEN,
A sportsman, I'm sure, well deserving my pen;
His looks in high glee, and enjoying the fun,
Tho' truly, I fear that his cake's overdone.

Chorus.

On Methodist perched, in a very good station,
Frank Barlow behold, that fine prop of the nation;
But nothing could greater offend the good soul
Than if "Coventry sent" from the Chase and the bowl;
Chorus.

Then those two little fellows, as light as a feather,
Charles Parker and Clewes, come racing together;
And riding behind them comes Oliver Dick,
With Slapdash half-blown, looking sharp for a nick.
Chorus.

On Ebony mounted behold my Lord Barnard,
To live near the pack now obliged is to strain hard;
But mount my friend Barny on something that's quick,
I warrant, my lads, he would shew you a trick.
Chorus.

Then Bland and Tom Gascoigne I spy in the van,
Riding hard as two devils, at catch as catch can:
But racing along to try which can get first,
Already, I see, both their horses are burst.
Chorus.

Then smack at a yawner falls friend Bill Clough,
He gets up, stares round him, faith! silly enough;
While Pilkington, near him, cries, "Pr'ythee get bled,"
"Oh no, never mind, Sir! I fell on my head."
Chorus.

But where's that hard rider, my friend, Col. Bell?
At the first setting off from the cover he fell:
But I see the old crop, thus the whole chase will carry,
In respectable style, the good-temper'd Harry.
Chorus.

With very small feet, sticking fast in the mud,
Frank Hawksworth I see, on his neat bit of blood;
But pull up, my friend, say you've lost a fore shoe,
Else bleeding, I fear, must be shortly for you.
Chorus.

To keep their nags fresh for the end of the day
Sir Edward and Lascelles just canter away;
Not enjoying the pace our Raby hounds go,
But preferring the maxim of certain and slow.
Chorus.

At the top of his speed, sadly beat and forlorn,
Behold Capt. Horton is steering for Baln;
For, accustom'd at sea both to shift and to *tack*,
He hopes by manoeuvring to gain the fleet pack.
Chorus.

The two Lee's, Harvey Hawke, Frank Soth'ron,
and all,
Are skirting away for Stapleton Hall;
Whilst far in the rear behold Overley Cooke,
Endeav'ring to scramble o'er Ample's wide brook.
Chorus.

Far aloof to the right, and op'ning a gate,
There's a sportsman by system, who never rides straight;
But why, my good GODFREY, thus far will you roam,
When a pack of fine beagles hunt close to your home.

Chorus.

Safe o'er the brook, but where's CAPT. DANCER?
Oh; he's stopping to catch SIR ROWLAND WINN's prancer;
But what is the use then of that, my friend WINN?
If on foot you attempt it, you'll sure tumble in.

Chorus.

On his chestnut nag mounted, and heaving in flank,
At a very great distance, behold BACON FRANK:
So true the old maxim, we even now find,
That Justice will always come limping behind.

Chorus.

See STARKEY, and HOPWOOD, so full of their jokes,
From Bramham Moor come, to be quizzing the folks;
And when they return, the whole chase they'll explain,
Tho' they saw little of it, to crony Fox Lane.

Chorus.

Lost, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but shewing some blood.
(For from Mungo's[2] poor shoulders it streams in a flood)
Behold MR. HODSON, how *he* fumes and frets,
While his black leg's entangled in cursed sheep nets.

Chorus.

A large posse see in the valley below,
Who serve very well for to make up a shew;
But broad as the brook is, it made many stop,
It's not ev'ry man's luck, for to get to the top.

Chorus.

If his name I passed over I fear he would cavil,
I just wish to say that I saw MR. SAVILLE;
And with very long coat on, no friend to his tailor,
With some more Wakefield heroes, behold MR. NAILOR.

Chorus.

And snug in his carriage I saw RICHARD MILNES,
Still enjoying the sport, tho' encompass'd with ills;
Who, a few years ago, was the first at this fun,
Now, shouldering his crutch, shews how brushes were won.

Chorus.

Now all having pass'd, I'll to Ferrybridge go,
Each event of the day at the club I shall know;
When bright bumpers of claret enliven the night,
And chase far away hatred, envy, and spite.

Chorus.

Then forgive me, my friends, if you think me severe,
'Tis but meant as a joke, not intended to sneer;
Come, I'll give you a toast in a bumper of wine,—
"Here's success to this club, and to sport so divine,

Chorus.—With my Bally-namo-naora,
And the hounds of old Raby for me.

NOTES

(1) The Author of the Poem.

(2) For Mungo read Coxcomb.

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